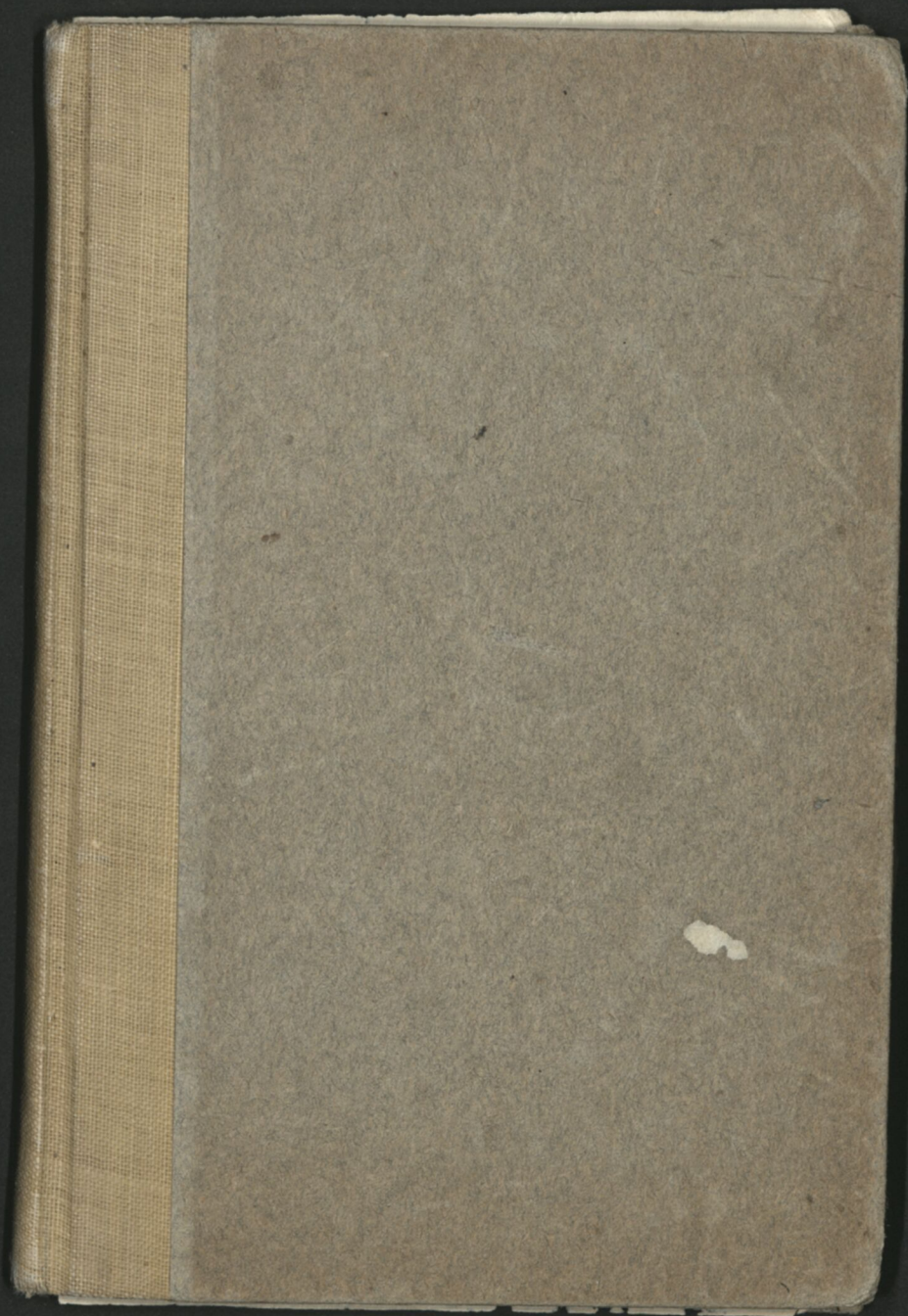




ONE NIGHT

An angel hymn and a shining star
Some shepherd lads, and from afar
Three Kings.

At Bethlehem in the night
A new-born babe on His mother's side
And victory over death
And sheltering love
Were gifts that night
For Mary's babe was born

Ac. Benziger's -
Dec. 1911.

ing star,

from afar

n in the Inn

other's breast.

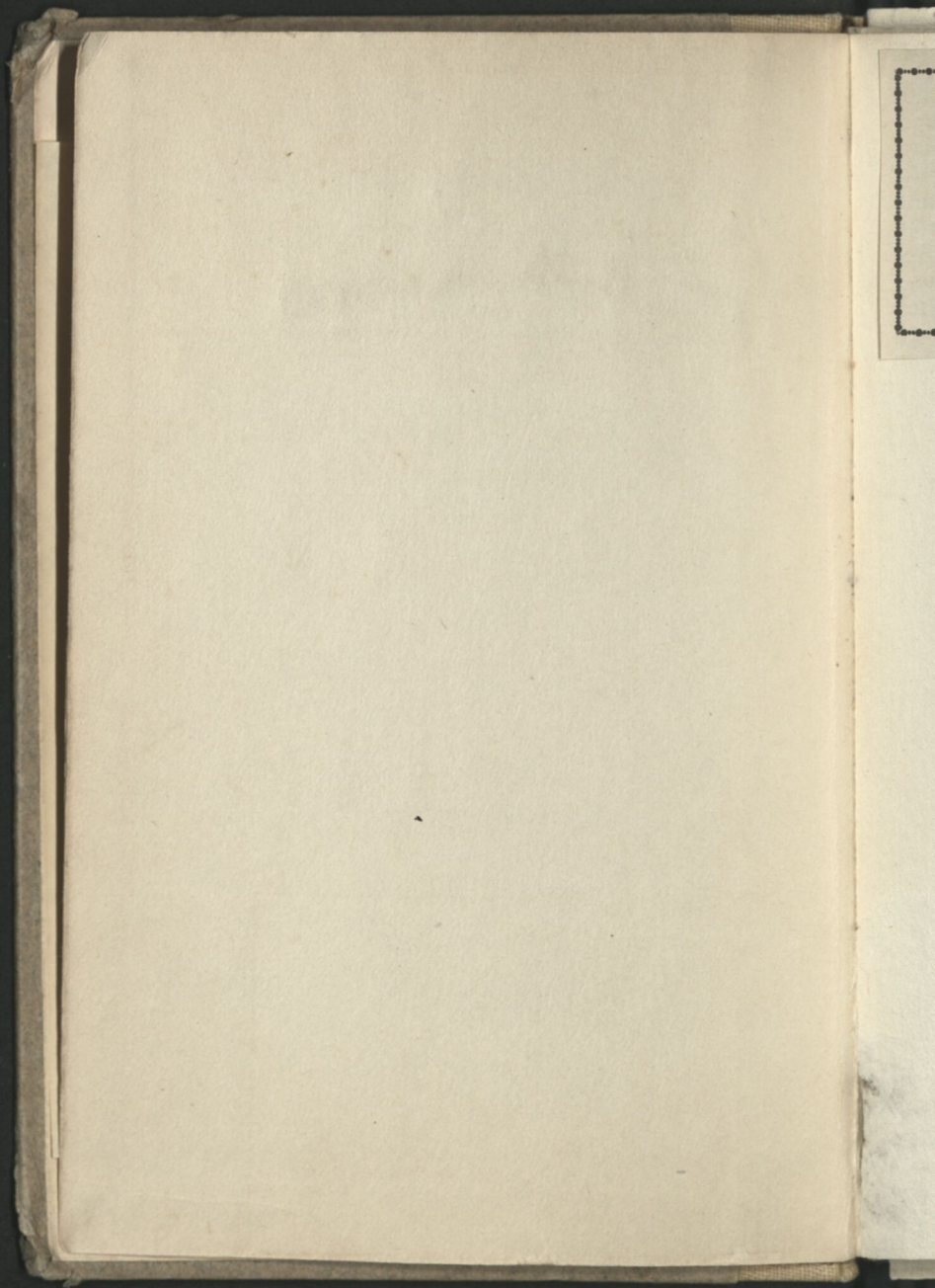
over death and sin,

ing love for the sore-oppressed

that night with the Holy One,

babe was Christ the Son.

Mary Starbuck



Free Will.

The hands that I made, they are Mine,
The hands that I made I can fill,
But the gift that I want from My child
Is his heart, only Mine by his will.

MARY STARBUCK.



THE POETRY JOURNAL

He will wake—and forget her.
He will come to me waiting just where he left me:
His eyes will be bright, will be shining
With love and with laughter. His strong arms out-
reaching,
His tender arms curving, he will come towards me;
He will say, "I have slept, I have rested,
Now we go on together, always together;
When thou art weary, I will rest thee.
My arms about thee, my strength to bear thee,
Thou shalt sleep and be rested.
Then on, on together, thou and I always,
Always together: forever, together."
The sea will be sobbing, drearily sobbing,
I shall grieve for her, then I shall forget her.

Mary Starbuck

THE POETRY JOURNAL

EDITORS

EDMUND R. BROWN

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

CONTENTS FOR MARCH 1916

Seonset.
On the Bluff

BLUE above us the tender sky,
Blue before us the summer sea,
And blue were the eyes of the summer
girl,
And tender, too, when she looked
at me.

"Just over there," and I turned my
gaze
Away to the blue world's farthest
rim,
"We might build us a Castle in Spain,"
I said,
"A shining, fair castle no time can
dim."

"Shall we build it at once," I play-
fully asked,
"In that lovely land far over the
sea?"
"Why travel?" she said, and the blue
eyes shone,
"This spot is lovely enough for
me!"

Mary Starbuck.

Life

Vol. 67, No. 1745.

April 6, 1916

Copyright, 1916, Life Publishing Company

After All

SHE'S athletic, academic,
But she's the girl for me,
For I've seen her all unknowing,
With a baby on her knee.

She hugged the dimpled kiddy,
And she tossed him to and fro,
And the little fellow gurgled,
For he liked it, don't you know!

And then she sang a ballad,
The kind that makes you cry,
But the kiddy-boy lay smiling,
Looking off into the sky.

Then his eyelids closed so slowly,
And my girlie laid him down,
Kissed his round head very gently,
Turned—and met me with a frown!

She may beat at golf and tennis,
May do awful stunts of Greek,
But I've seen the real true girlie—
She may hide, but I will seek.

She may play at independence,
She may prate of brains and mind,
But to make that girlie love me
The way I'll surely find.

She may jeer and flout and scorn me,
But I yet will make her see
That the best worth while of all her
Stunts is—just to marry me!

Mary Starbuck.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1917

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR,

A WAY STATION.

By Mary Starbuck, in Boston Transcript.

Dear lone Island far at sea,
Near to Heaven it seemeth me
The last stopping place, may be,
This side of Eternity.

Naught between but crystal sea,
Living, flashing, cleansing sea:
Then Heaven's harbor light for me,
Port at last—welcome, may be.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1917

The Market.

I wrote a poem in heart's blood,
I told the truth in song;
I took it to an editor,
"No good," he said, "too long."

I cut it down to half its length,
I left the best verse out,
I sent it to another man,
He wrote, "It's good, no doubt,

But not quite what we want just now;
I think if I were you
I'd study life, then try again,
And only say what's true!"

I sent some rhymes on "Beauty Soap,"
(And this way madness lies),
With this result, "Enclosed find check,
Your verses won the prize!"

MARY STARBUCK.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1917.

THE EVENING POST: NEW YORK,

SONG OF THE THRIFT STAMP.

It's a Thrift Stamp for my daddy,
He's sailing oversea
To make the world a safer place
For mother and for me.

What will happen to my daddy
Nobody can foretell;
He's going to fight the crazy Hun
Whose ways are ways of Hell!

So a Thrift Stamp, a War Stamp,
To keep my daddy strong,
And add one more American
Who fights with jest and song!

And if my daddy wounded be,
Surgeons and nurses kind
Will make him just as good as new,
If they the means can find.

So a Thrift Stamp, a War Stamp,
To help my daddy's cure,
And mend up all those splendid men
Who cruel wounds endure.

My daddy means to stay and fight
Until the work is done!
Then Stamps will bring him home again,
So buy them, everyone!

Mary Starbuck.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR,

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1918

Best
To Come Back Home

MARY STARBUCK

"YOU who have traveled the wide
world over,

You who have known the best,
Tell us what you have seen and heard,
And where your heart found rest.

"Now tell us the fairest sight you've seen
Seeking it near and far."

"The fairest sight to my watching eyes
Was the light on the harbor bar."

"And what is the sweetest sound you've
heard

Listening early and late?"

"The sweetest sound in the whole wide
world

Was the click of my little white gate."

"And what is the dearest thing you've
known

In the full years that have passed?"

"The dearest thing that could ever be
Is to come back home at last."

The Farmer's Wife, November, 1917

Mc Clure
1917

LOVES.

There is Love that shouts "I",
There is Love that sings "We",
But the Love that is best
Is the Love that breathes "Thee"

Spring at the Island

Just to see the hollows greening
As the spring comes up our way,
Just to feel on cheek and forehead
Silky kisses of salt spray;

Just to watch the yellowing sunshine
Creeping northward day by day—
Tell me, is there better business,
Call it work or call it play?

Just to make a list of duties
And forget them while we lean
On a neighbor's gate to chatter
Of the wonders that we've seen—

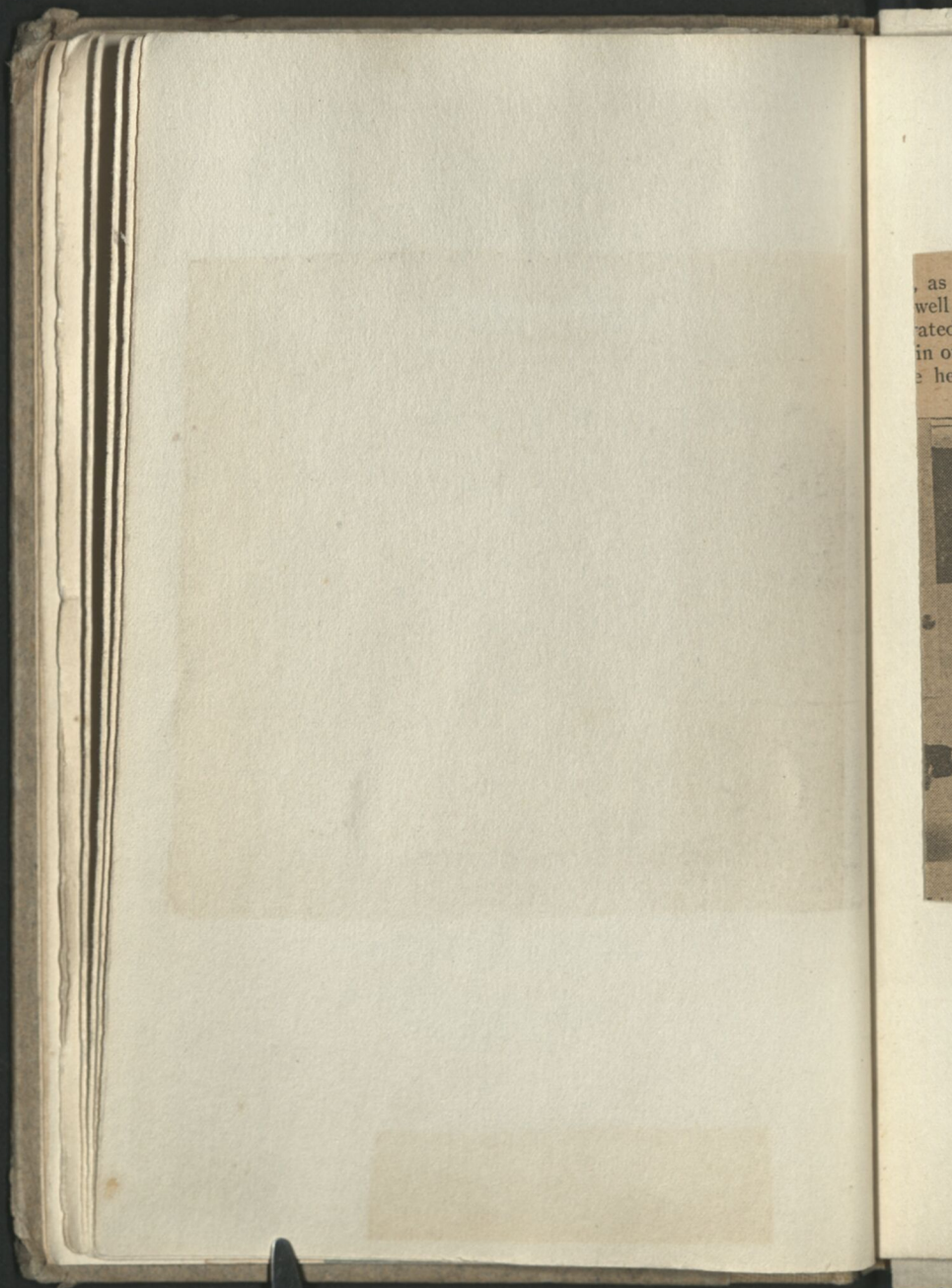
Of the dandelion buttons,
Pink and yellow, mauve and green;
Of a violet white and fragrant,
Nestled down soft leaves between:—

Slender blackbirds and plump robins,
Such a sight it was to see!
Breakfasting this very morning
Under the old apple-tree!

Queer how spring slacks up the tension,
Makes us want to see things grow,
Shows us things we had no time for
In the care-free long ago.

MARY STARBUCK.

THE EVENING POST: NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1918.



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ated, can apply the
in other important
e herself to use a

~~Now~~ ~~USE OF YOU~~

MARY STARBUCK

so much we have been

years have slipped away,
at last a turning,

dark with cloud or sorrow
the happy light shines through,
ess slowly to its morrow
of you.

ving bears a test yet finer:
r joy so sweet, so keen, so true,
me a happiness diviner
your heart leaps too.

so, Belovèd, ere that dread day's proving
n one shall hear the voice that calls apart,
nt to say, with all my power of loving,
I love you now, Hear Heart!

The Farmer's Wife, March, 1919

Where
All the
I'd just
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Butterm
Dozens
Chicken
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Thanksgiving Out at Grandma's

By MARY STARBUCK, No. 8 Pleasant Street, Nantucket

Where we're going Thanksgiving Day
All the time we'd love to stay;
I'd just like to take you there,
Guess the eats would make you stare.

Buttermilk biscuits! Oh, I say!
Dozens of 'em every day!
Chickens fried and chickens broiled,
Doughnuts braided, ringed or coiled.

Soups of beef-sock or of veal,
Dumplings made of Indian meal
Simmering in the black duck stew,
With sliced carrots, onions too.

And the butter, clover sweet;
Little cakes of sausage meat,
Berry pudding without seam,
Maple syrup streaked with cream.

"Federal" and "Raised Bread" cake,
Specials both of Grandma's make;
"Election," "Wedding," "Queen's" and
"Pound"

In the big stone jars are found.

Grandma's turkey and roast pig!
Pig quite small but turkey big,
Crisp and juicy, golden brown,
How we put the "fixin's" down!

Strawberry shortcake! Tell me now
Does a high-priced cook know how?
Strawberry shortcake isn't cake,
It's rich pie crust, light of flake.

Split and buttered, berry filled,
Crushed and sugared, and to gild

The fruit-covered rosy mound
Golden cream is poured around.

I could talk a whole long day,
Even then I couldn't say
Half the things we have to eat
From that kitchen clean and sweet.

'Round the windows, don't you know,
How great grape-leaves always blow?
Grapes hank purple, amber, rare
"Isabella," "Delaware."

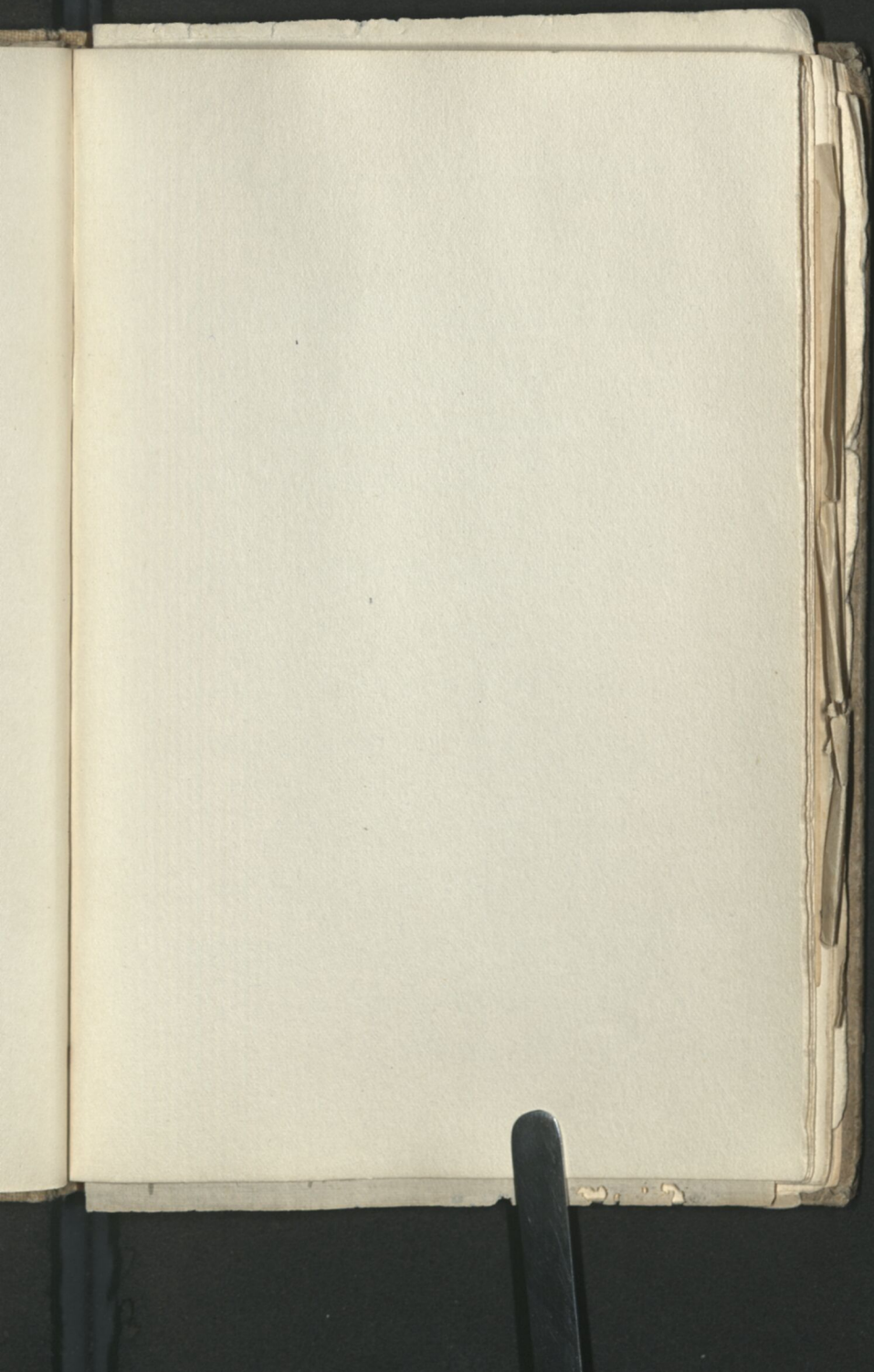
Morning Glories at the door,
Braided mats upon the floor;
Storm or sunshine, it's just fun
Once the cooking has begun.

And our Grandma! Isn't she
Just the nicest that could be?
Witty, masterful, serene,
Dignity to fit a queen.

Queen she is, and kind and true,
Nothing ever she can't do;
Nothing fazes, nothing could—
Oh, our Grandma, she's just GOOD!

Best "Food Region" that we know,
Of all places where to go;
North or south, east or west,
Grandma's kitchen is the best.

Grandma's kitchen fresh and sweet,
Loads of things for us to eat,
Grandma's welcome full of cheer
Wish Thanksgiving Day was here!



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HOMELESS

'Tis home where'er the heart is,
But how can this thing be?
I gave my heart to a sailor lad,
And he has gone to sea.

I cannot tell where my heart is,
It is anywhere at sea,
But this I know most surely,
'Tis safely kept for me.

So I'm content to be homeless
Until at last from sea
My loyal sailor lad comes back
And brings my home to me.

Mary Starbuck.

*Ac. by Munsey's -
Sept. 22 1916*

D & O

*The Bug-Light Keeper came down
the stairs,
Aloft all was snug and bright,
He slowly sauntered across the bridge,
There was nothing important till
night.*

"See here, my man," the newcomer
said,
"I'm Professor Philander Spooks,
I'm from the great city, my name is
well-known,
I'm a writer of famous books.
I'm going fishing, I wish some worms,
The variety used for bait."
The Keeper shifted the pipe in his
teeth
And he looked at the visitor straight.

Then he slowly rose to his six feet
four,
And quite courteously he said,
"I'm Captain John Strong, Retired,
Sir;
You'll find the spade in the shed."

You can dig the worms by that
no'theast fence,
You're welcome to all that you wish,
Put the spade back where you take it
from,
And tonight you may bring me a
fish."

But Philander Spooks whose name
was well-known,
Was already half-way to the gate,
Having quickly decided he'd better
play golf,
Then he wouldn't need worms for
bait!

*The Keeper smoked on the sunny
step,
"It takes all kinds" mused he,
And he gently smiled as he said to
himself
"I'd like to have had him at sea!"*

*Contributed by Mary E. Starbuck,
Nantucket, Mass.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

· *YANK, EE*

January,
1987

Relief.

Boston Post,
Mch 21. 1934

We're held out through the winter
'Gainst enemies malign,
Now the snow and ice are melting,
The Sun has crossed the line!

We're slipped and slopped and frozen,
But now there comes a sign,
The birds are flying northward,
The Sun has crossed the line.

We're watching out for violets
and Mayflowers 'neath the pine,
The South wind blows this sweet news
The Sun has crossed the line.

Old winter is retreating,
With many a snarl and whine,
Our reinforcements are at hand,
The Sun has crossed the line!

M. E. S.

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1.1934

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Port Lore -
Taken back by me

UNRE

The rain drives slantwise on
The swishing, keen-edged bea
Dark maddened waves leap cra
Upon the dumb and unresponsi
Poised high in air, his stro
A solitary sea-gull shrieks
His mate stark on the sands
Breast stained with blood.

By light of blazing drif
Cleaning their guns, the

UNRECORDED

wise on the pale bleak dunes,
ged beachgrass gleams like steel,
eap crashing to their death
responsive shore.
is strong wings wide out-spread,
hrieks above
sands beneath, her white
lood. The night draws slowly on.
ng driftwood fires, with zest,
ns, the sportsmen tell their tales.

Mary Starbuck

RECORDED

on the pale bleak games,
each gleams like steel,
crashing to their death
on the shore.
Strong wings wide out-spread,
above
as beneath, her white
The night draws slowly on.
With wood fires, with rest,
the sportsmen tell their tales.

Mary (Stanton)

A WAY STATION.

By Mary Starbuck, in Boston Transcript.

Dear lone Island far at sea,
Near to Heaven it seemeth me—
The last stopping place, may be,
This side of Eternity.

Naught between but crystal sea,
Living, flashing, cleansing sea;
Then Heaven's harbor light for me,
Port at last—welcome, may be.

Ing.
+ Morion
Aug. 3
1929

Here and There

Come and Play!

"Oh come and play in Easy Street"—
That's what they bid us do;
They're calling all the townsfolk,
And all the "strangers", too.

The "summer people" come between,
They're sometimes like "our own",
They're Islanders misplaced at birth,
If once the truth were known.

They're beautifying Easy Street
For one long summer day.
Our Hospital needs endless funds,
So come and pay your way.

Nantucket men once saw queer folk
At many a port o' call;
We're told that down in Easy Street
We soon shall meet them all.

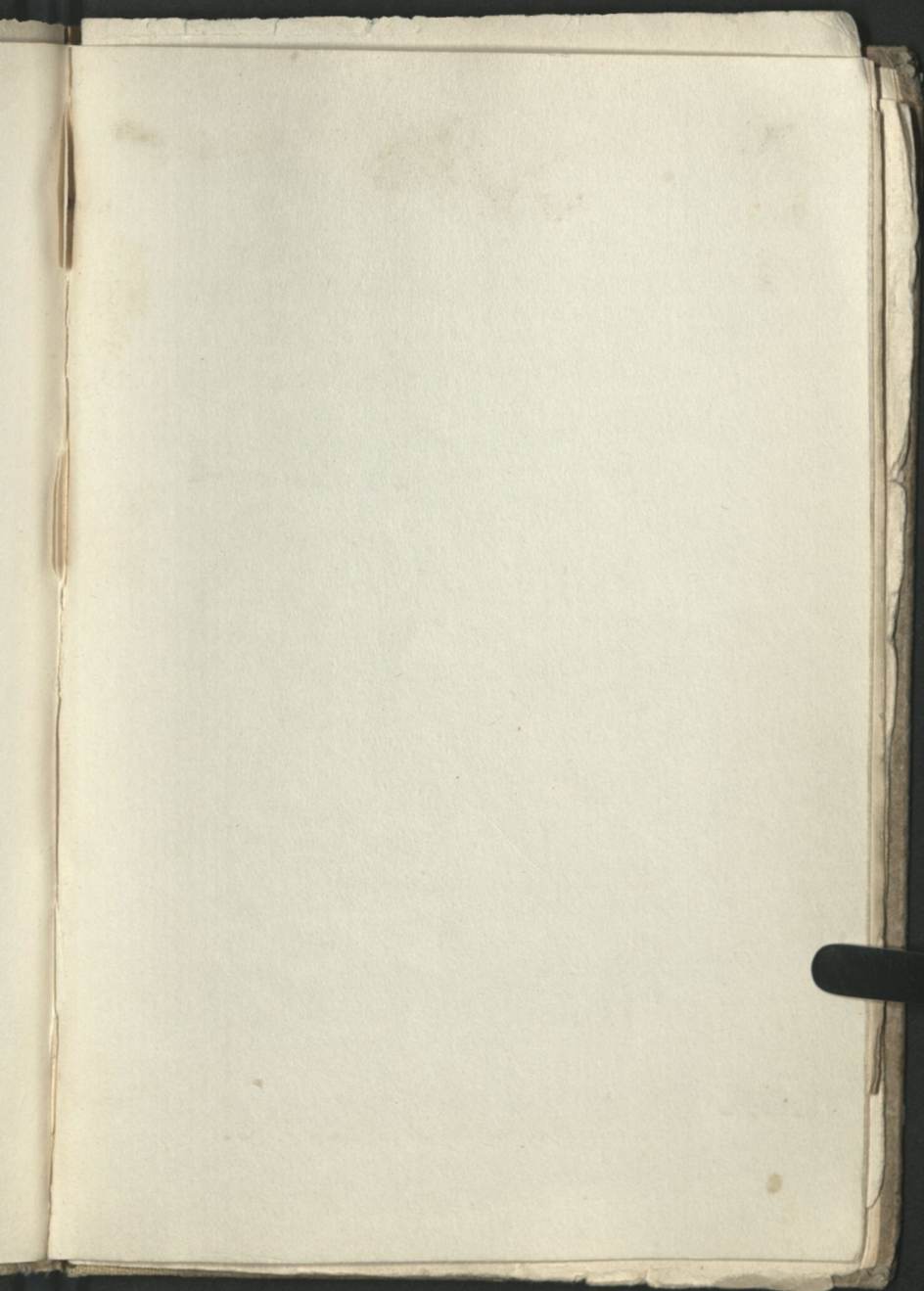
For we're to play in Easy Street
Those calls are now returned,
And though the courtesy is late
It is by no means spurned.

And down in Easy Street you'll find
All sorts of sights to see,
And don't forget among them all
The one historic tree.

Around Napoleon's lonely grave
Its ancestors once grew;
From St. Helena saplings small
Were started here anew.

So all fare down to Easy Street
And help to make it gay,
And come prepared to spend a lot!
You may be glad some day!

—Mary Eliza Starbuck.



HE CALLETH HIS OWN BY NA

The Mother had lost her little boy;

A kind friend came, wise words to sa

"We must bow to His will," she gentl

"It's hard for you now, you'll feel

"Now dear, count your blessings, for

You still have three children, thoug

The Mother's eyes widened in shocked

"I had only one Paul", she quietly s

OWN BY NAME

ttle boy;

ords to say.

she gently urged,

u'll feel better some day.

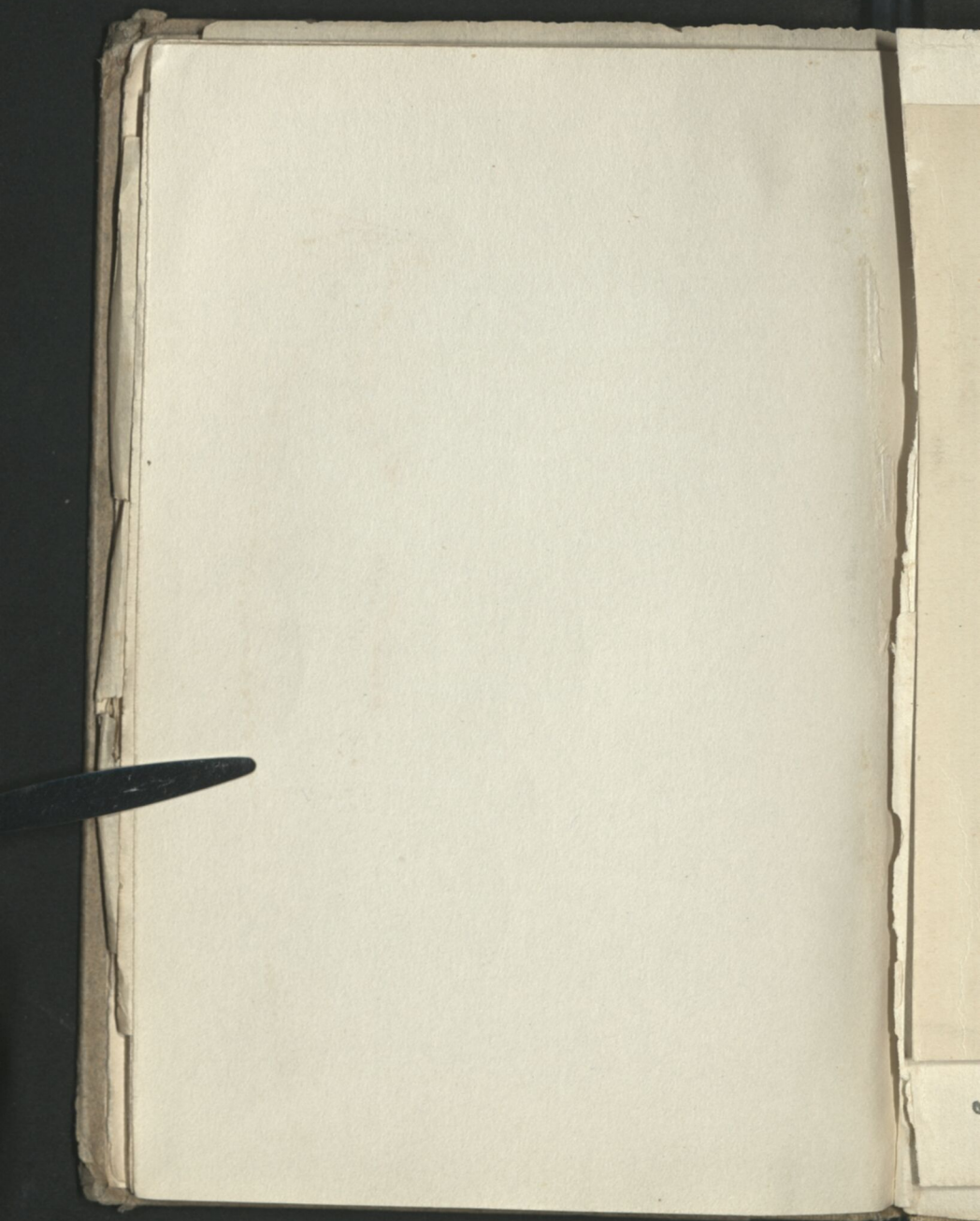
sings, for many are left,

ren, though sweet Paul is dead."

in shocked surprise,

quietly said.

Mary Starbuck.



'SCONSET BELOVED.

Sweet tangled swamps where the orchids bloom,
Peat-smoke, wild roses and scents of the sea,
Soft through the dusk the dear village lights,
'Sconset Beloved, heart's greeting to thee!

Thy white curving shore is the threshold of day,
Down at Low Beach night's wings are unfurled,
Over Tom Nevers the moon sails away
Through the sweetest air in the whole wide world.

Scrub oaks and pines on the frank, free downs,
Cool silver ponds where the wild ducks rest,
And swaying reeds whisper to listening ears
"Here is life simplest and truest and best."

Evening and morning and turn of the tide,
Ah, falling leaves, and the sad plover's cry!
An ache in the heart for the west tide serves,
'Sconset Beloved, good bye, good bye!

Mary Starbuck.

Inquirer and Mirror.
Nantucket.

JOURNAL

STON POST, WEDNESD

SHERBURNE DILLINGHAM

Born at Nantucket
May 14th. 1907

Little Nantucket Boy
Up in the sky,
Sailing a cloud-boat
Ever so high,

Felt very dreary
Off there alone,
Cried for a Mama
All for his own;

Cried for some children
Bigger than he
To love and to play with
Oh so gentlee.

Little Nantucket Boy
Cried as he soared-
The cloud-boat capsized,
Spilled him overboard.

Down through the blue
With fearful alarms,
He landed at last
Safe in Mama's arms.

Children around him
Bigger than he,
With a Papa thrown in,
Complete as could be.

Little Nantucket Boy
Gift of the spring,
Of all of its treasures
The very best thing.

